

# I GOT NEXT

The background of the entire cover is a vibrant, fiery orange and yellow, resembling a sunburst or a fire. In the center, KRS-One is depicted from the chest up, wearing a dark blue jacket. He has short, dark dreadlocks and is looking directly at the viewer with a serious expression. His hands are raised in front of him, palms facing forward, with fingers spread. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and shadows.

**DOUBLE VINYL!**

Includes **BONUS TRACK**  
"Step Into A World  
(Rapture's Delight)"  
*remix* featuring  
**Puff Daddy**

**KRS-ONE**



# KRS-One Lyrics

## "1st Quarter - The Commentary"

Welcome to hip-hop culture  
Where DJ-ing, MC-ing, graffiti art, breaking  
and the philosophies are expressed everyday  
within the inner cities of America, and the world  
You are not doing hip-hop  
You ARE hip-hop  
Love yourself and your expression, you can't go wrong

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "2nd Quarter - Free Throws"

Anybody in here right now with tape decks turn em on  
and put em on record, I'll give you a second  
I want to add authenticity to your tape  
so when it's sold out in the street  
you all can know this was a real party

These are poems circulating throughout the nation  
everybody's bad and everybody's tough  
but how many people are intelligent enough  
to open up their eyes and see through the lies  
discipline themselves, yourself to stay alive?  
not many

That's why the universe sent me today on this stage  
with this to to say  
the rich will get richer and the poor will get poorer  
and in the final hour many heads will lose power  
what does the rich versus the poor really mean?  
psychologically it means you got to pick your team  
when someone says the rich gets richer  
visualize wealth and put yourselves in the picture  
the rich get richer, cause they work towards rich  
the poor get poorer, cause their minds can't switch from the ghetto  
let go, it's not a novelty

you could love your neighborhood without loving poverty  
follow me, every mother, father, son, daughter  
there's no reason to fear the New World Order  
we must order the whole new world to pay us  
the New World Order and the old state chaos  
the Big Brother watching over you, is a lie you see  
Hip-Hop could build it's own secret society  
but first you and I got to unify  
stop the negativity and control our creativity  
the rich is getting richer, so why we ain't richer?  
could it be we still thinking like niggas?  
educate yourselves, make your world view bigger  
visualize wealth and put yourselves in the picture!

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "The MC"

Who am I? The MC, la-di da-di  
I don't wear Versace, I wear DJ's out quickly at the party  
Who am I? If you're like me hip hop is in your body  
Who am I? THE MC!  
When the jam is slow and you need a proceeder  
Who am I? THE MC!  
When you need a lyrical leader wit oratorical triple features  
Who am I? THE MC!  
When you need to rock your 3000-seat arena, best believe, uh  
Who am I? THE MC!  
When you need to get the word on the street wit demeanor  
Who am I? THE MC!  
I beg thee, let me splurt rhymes, I have plenty  
Who am I? THE MC! Lord have mercy  
I hit sudden like Hersey  
always New like Jersey, stay thirsty  
Who am I? THE MC!  
Showin my authority, superiority  
an artistic minority, now you startin me  
Cuz party philosophy can only be carried out by  
Who am I? THE MC!  
No doubt, predicting far ahead what will set the party off immensely  
with plenty of who? THE MC!  
Trained at Rooftop, Red Zone, Roxy and Bentley's  
Who am I? THE MC!  
Gently move crowds with harmonious rhythm  
Cuz the lyrics we give em they miss em  
Who am I? THE MC! again, THE MC!  
Her infinite power helps, oppressed people sent me to tell you  
if you truly study lyrical flows and stay on your toes you will be  
Who am I? THE MC!  
and as an MC you will study verbal magic  
but watch what you say cuz you'll attract it  
control your subconscious magnet from pullin in havoc  
Who am I? The MC!  
Non-stoppin MC, hip hoppin MC  
Verbal rockin, head knockin, quick droppin MC  
I laugh cuz I mastered the craft MC  
In sound clash I'm the first and last MC  
It's sort of like Jim Carrey throwin that Mask to me  
I black out and wake up to catastrophe  
3 MC's dead from the sound blowin out massively, wow!  
Who am I? The MC!  
Untouchable, can't be caught off guard with fast tracks or slow tracks  
Ass cracks get waxed to the max, MC's pack raps for all tracks  
Indigenous cultures, Asians, Whites and Blacks  
never missed it the linguistic of  
Who am I? THE MC!  
Meta-lyrical poetic mystic MC  
Hearin the voice of an ancient spirit MC

Premeditated worder  
Killin negative concepts out the mind of the observer MC  
You deserve a break from counterfeits, frauds and fakes  
claimin to be an MC for heaven sakes  
Well, this MC done raised the stakes  
under the stress from KRS  
contracts and mental gats are bound to break  
Who am I? THE MC! again the MC!  
Conduct yourselves properly MC...

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Domingo Padilla

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "I Got Next - Neva Hadda Gun"

It's meant to be evidently  
When I rock so eloquently  
Put the beat on and let me  
Kill another wack emcee  
Can't trust them, never test me  
I practice and study  
But I'm not in it for the money  
But to me they look so funny  
You can't test the teacher  
The teacher won't reach intact  
Through the speaker you're weaker, now sit your ass in the back  
My lyrical you hear it, you fear it, you can't get near it  
Cause the spirit eat Eric  
And Eric your rhymes is wack  
Like that, that, right back

Check it out!

Check it like this  
Just skills You know you gots to build just skills  
*[A phone is dialed a man says hello and a woman starts speaking in Spanish]*  
You know you gots to build just skills, uh come on get down  
Just skills You know we got to build just skills, come on get down

Yeah, uh come on  
I got that rip track, flip that, underground rap  
When I kick back  
Most of what I'm hearin be weak  
So I speak through beats and the streets as I teach  
I impeach, through speech, each lyric leech I reach  
Have a seat in the lecture  
Nothin can protect you  
Hard is the texture  
Of the mic wreckin rock in your sector  
Better than ever remember I am no beginner  
I like to shout out Eric Skinner  
Just skills, you know we gots to build just skills, come on a get down  
Just skills, you know we gots to build just skills, come on a get down  
Yo, we livin in a world of private jets and limousine  
The fruit we eatin as we prepare tangerine to nectarine  
See everybody livin in the same routine  
We need the telephone, and yes, we need the fax machine  
You listen to the sound, well I think you know it's me  
Now, let me educate you with my concious poetry  
Me want, me want, me want, me want, me want no wack rap  
Me want, me want, me want, me want, me want no wack rap  
Me love, me love, me love, me love, me love it when it's bad  
See if you wack rap you ought be steppin out the back  
See emcees on the microphone forgettin that they black  
See hear them kick the lyrics that are holdin people back

But when you hear the teacher, KRS will find the track  
You bound to see the light, and you don't want return back  
So listen very closely to the secret scientist  
I'm sending this one out to all my inner city kids  
Now you supposed to be apostle what you have inside your head  
Can make you more reliable, it can make you feel dead  
Now listen very closely to the way I say this rhyme  
It's the thing called the brain, and the thing called the mind  
But I'm outta time

*[Chorus: scratching on the word "can"]*

Can I tell them that I really never had a gun?  
No, you can't cause now you bouts to get done!  
Can I tell them that I really never had a gun  
Never had a gun, never had a gun?  
Can I tell them that I really never had a gun?  
No, you can't cause now you bouts to get done!  
Can I tell them that I really never had a gun  
Never had a gun, never had a gun?

On the block you just yap a whole lot  
About the clothes that you got  
Yo, or the gold that you got  
Everybody sees all the friends in your Benz, yo, it's fat  
But they ain't gettin money like that  
Word to my brother Kenny, jealous one envy  
The rich are few, while the poor, many  
But you got gold cuffs and cars and stuff  
You eatin well, but still in the ghetto you dwell  
You know it's hot, so you make it known about your glock  
To any perpetrator tryin to blow up your spot  
You grab the microphone and talk a good ramble  
You the hardcore outlaw, criminal, vandal  
Burnin emcees like a candle, but you frontin  
You ain't got nothin, with your life you gamble  
One day you gamble up snake eyes  
Talkin all that junk about you don't take dives, you take lives  
Nobody on the block tries, cause you claim you got powerful ties  
So at the red light you arrive  
And to your surprise you get heffed up with just two steak knives  
You're terrified, they take your Benz, and what makes things worse  
You ain't got gun the first

*[Chorus]*



# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Heartbeat"

(feat. Angie Martinez, Redman)

*[Redman]*

Alright everybody move back from the ropes  
If you don't move back we're gonna turn this music off  
and that's my word, move back!  
Word is bond let's get this shit goin  
Word up, it's the Funk Doc in the house  
say hell yeah! HELL YEAH!  
Say fuck yeah! FUCK YEAH!  
Word up, it's the Funk Doc Spock you don't stop  
It's my man KRS you don't stop  
It's the girl Angie you don't stop  
With the hah haha ha haha hah!!

*[Angie Martinez]*

It's the Butter Pecan Rican speakin deletin  
other radio jocks that think they competin  
they pre-sweetened, like candy, I'm hot like pepper  
Big up to Sandy but my name is Angie  
Martinez, what a true microphone fiend is  
Steppin up lovely with MY, AD-IDAS  
through your speakers, representin  
boriquas, and all hip-hop rhyme seekers  
You may think I'm crazy right, but I'm crazy hype  
Slay this nice y'all, everytime Angie grab the mic  
I jams it right tonight, not the hardest  
But peep the style of this Puerto Rican Goddess

*[Redman]*

Aiyyo yo yo yo, stop the music!  
Aiyyo back up off the ropes, man, word up!  
Yo get from the off the ropes  
Now aiyyo yo yo, KRS-One, come again the selector!

*[KRS-One]*

It's been a long time but we made it, you waited  
You gettin frustrated cause these MC's in trainin  
Skills on the mic for a royalty save it  
Pullin down rap so that others can't make it  
They can't fake it in front of KRS they naked  
That same old MC trend I'm here to break it  
The highly conceptional multidirectional  
Hot in ninety-seven so I guess I'm flexible  
Rap relieve stress so yes I guess it's medical  
All your wrecking and raping is still theoretical  
Redman, you know you must understand (Whatup?)  
Redman, you know you gots to understand (Hah! Whatup love?)  
Angie, rockin with the one BDP (Ha, haha)  
Representin right now at Hit Factory

*[Redman]*

One two hah, and you don't quit  
It's Kris and Angie with the ultimate  
One two hah, and you don't quack  
It's Funk Doc smoke weed and don't smoke crack  
Hahaha, hah, and you don't quit  
Hoohahhahah, and you don't quit  
I rock jams like, Samsonites with mics  
Stage two boomin system and flood the lights  
The lyrical, fo'-fo's lettin off like suppose  
Reggie Reg is rockin on the ra-dioooo!  
Hahh, huh, the oooh-child too chill  
Caps peeled, Someone In My Bed like Dru Hill  
Raise em up, cause I feel my spot can't be touched  
No time for the Pauline jack, hit the clutch  
Shotgun what?? It's the high exalted  
Ruler of the buddha, the cash make my pockets  
stick out like a tumor, for the consumers  
I get busy with La Pluma, detonate the bomb  
to make you hibernate sooner, certified luna-tic  
My click run deeper than Charlie Tuna  
Kahunas, raw for the able key movers  
all over the hood like them Crooked I coolers  
Bang maneuvers, from Jerz to Vancouver  
Back to the Bronx with heartbeats ample looped up  
I Blastmast like Kris, funk abyss  
like a phone chauvenist with a Roley on the wrist  
Sike! I can afford it, less I slaughtered  
three platinum niggaz and none of em prerecorded  
KRS-One need to be runnin for office  
So Butter Pecan Rican - tell them to get off his

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Step Into A World (Rapture's Delight)"

*[Intro/Chorus: sung to the tune of Blondie's "Rapture"]*

Step into a world (Klaka klaka, klaka klaka!)  
Where there's no one left (Buku, buku! Alla de massive!)  
But the very best (Klaka, bo bo, BDP crew, bo bo bo bo!)  
No MC can test *[cut and scratch of KRS saying "but one"]*  
Step into a world, where hip-hop is me  
Where MC's and DJ's  
Build up their skills as they play every day  
For the, rapture

Yeah, what what!  
Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, KRS-One, rock on!  
Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, KRS-One, rock on!

I'm bout to hit you wit that tradional style of cold rockin  
Givin options for head knockin non stoppin  
Tip-toppin lyrics we droppin but styles can be forgotten  
so we bring back the raw hip-hoppin  
Just like the records and tapes you be coppin  
Cop some breakdancin, boogie poppin, and lockin  
Tic tockin, guaranteed to have you clockin  
We only get better and only better we have gotten  
This type of flow don't even think about stoppin  
Beware, the length of the rhyme flow can be shockin  
All music lovers in the place right now  
That never understood the way that KRS got down  
Yo I'm strictly about skills and dope lyrical coastin  
Relying on talent, not marketing and promotion  
If a dope lyrical flow is a must  
You gots to go with a name you can quickly trust  
I'm not sayin I'm number one, uhh I'm sorry, I lied  
I'm number one, two, three, four and five  
Stop wastin your money on marketing schemes  
and pretty packages pushin dreams to the beams  
A dope MC is a dope MC  
With or witout a record deal, all can see  
And that's who KRS be son  
I'm not the run of mill, cause for the mill I don't run

Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, KRS-One, rock on!  
Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, KRS-One, rock on!

*[Chorus]*

Yeah, yeah  
Everybody on the mic in the party sound alike  
until I recite, in black and white what's right  
Let me take flight, my style is TIGHT AN GOOD  
TIGHT AN GOOD, come is it TIGHT AN GOOD  
Old styles I pass dat, slow down on fast rap

All in yo' ass crack, old King go Blast dat  
Conjure to ask dat, hyper type of flashback  
I publish like ASCAP lyrics for hand clap  
No past rappin, youth trackin, talent lackin  
MC's more worried about their financial backin  
Steady packin a gat as if something's gonna happen  
But it doesn't, they wind up shootin they cousin, they buggin  
I appear everywhere and nowhere at once  
I know my style is bumpin, even though some people front  
It's the God of rap, you heard of it  
The one that rhymes toward the sky givin airplanes mad turbulence  
In rap tournaments, I reign permanent  
Don't you think by now the number one spot I'm not concerned with it  
The course of rap I'm turnin it  
Back to that good old fashioned way of getting cash money by earning it  
No bogus hocus pocus, I bring back to focus  
Skills if you notice my position is lotus  
Now quote this, MC's are just hopeless  
Thinkin record sales make them the dopest

Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, KRS-One, rock on!  
Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, KRS-One, rock on!

*[Chorus]*

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Christopher Stein, Deborah Harry, Harry Palmer, Jesse Samuel Williams

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "A Friend"

The beat was sposed to drop right there  
The beat was sposed to drop right there  
The beat was sposed to drop right there  
Yeah yeah yeah... uhh

I send this one out, to my right hand man  
or mens, or womens, the whole crew  
The real fam

[Chorus:]

We can count the dough or kick a flow  
or chill out watchin videos  
or actin really silly yo but really doe  
all that can end...  
Whether at the bar with superstars  
or cruisin in the trooper car  
I really don't care who you are  
All I really need is a friend

If we can't have trust then you can't hang with us  
We respond to those who show respect with respect  
We respond we connect on the same deck  
same intellect, my man, never shifty, thinks quickly  
If you can't understand, we boys we boys  
We could stand on the corner with a hat sellin toys  
It ain't about your Benz I hope it ain't about mine  
my man, I be dissin in my freestyle rhyme  
Gettin G's around the world, I can trust you with my girl  
my man, we chillin at the jam, what's the plan?  
I'm not a yes man and none of my friends are yes men  
or women, I'm drivin, I see my peeps yo get in  
Where you fit in? True friends are quick to sit  
in the beginning of all trouble, and when your bankroll doubles  
Fred Flintstone and Barney Rubble  
Still I got my own space like Hubble

[Chorus]

Cause don't nobody care about us, all they do is doubt us  
Until we blow the spot then they all wanna crowd us  
and wanna shout us, but you my man from way back  
I just gots to say that, actin large I don't play that  
But I can't say that, where I play at isn't fast-paced  
A friend can acquire the taste to become two-faced  
And that's a disgrace there ain't nothing you can say to us  
When the kid you grew up with betrays your trust  
When we used to ride the bus we had trust  
Now we cash checks and drive Lex, and can't show respect to one of us  
Yo the heads I hang with ain't tryin to just get  
what they can get, sit quickly backstabbin the click

I roll thick, but only some are friends really  
down to the end, my right hand men and women  
Mutual support, from the beginning  
Been in, exactly what I've been in

[Chorus]

Back to back we attack corporate America  
Gettin fees that amount to G's in every area  
You my man I ain't gotta drag you along  
You pull your own weight, yeah you definitely got it goin on  
I don't see nothin wrong wit a little bumpin car system  
thumpin, between the crew we always got sump'un  
But if we had nuttin no frontin whatever  
We'd still be crew you and me, me for you together  
Word, fake people ain't worth a turd  
They only want to be your friend because of what they overheard  
I send this record to the well respected  
Friends that I've collected, I hope I am what you expected  
Yeah, so check it, so check it

[Chorus]

Writer(s): Cootie Williams, Lawrence Krsone Parker, Rodney Lemay, Thelonious Sphere Monk, Bernard D. Hanighen

# KRS-One Lyrics

"H.I.P.H.O.P."

(feat. Thor-EI)

[KRS] Yeah that's the one - yo  
[Thor-EI] Just just check your mic

[Verse 1: Thor-EI]

So you wanna be the million dollar man, kid what's your plan  
Make a deal with the devil settle for a hundred grand  
Not enough I call your bluff, hit you with the stuff  
Deal with this and think you're tough, gimme a call when things get rough  
You get no Vette and, if I could stay leaded  
I'm leavin rappers one-legged from fakin like the prosthetic  
you're artificial by cripple, rap is like your pistol  
Grim Reaper, I got the whistle, death I pull no tissue  
Hit you, like the Mac-11, MC's subtract by seven  
Callin callin for the reverend, lookin at hell like heaven  
I'm on the map, makin it like the crazy on the track  
Oh what the hell I get my mail while I raid you til it crack

[Chorus: KRS and Thor-EI]

H, I, P, H, O, P, we are  
H, I, P, H, O, P, we are

[Verse 2: KRS-One]

C'mon, uhh  
Dead two in the head before some A&R tell me  
I must give up the streets you lift the company can sell me  
What's the sense in being large if you can't take a risk?  
Thinkin a risk upon a disc means you're written off the list  
I'm not sayin you can't have your fame and glory just don't bore me  
when I come to see you live, and I paid twenty-five  
That's, crazy loot Kris is saying I don't play those games  
Killing Rhyme Sessions is the meaning of my name  
But don't call my name in vain, cause I will appear  
And your livest MC will get slain right here  
See I do the homework, and I do the extra credit  
You could sell a million records, and still can't set it  
Cause the Lex or Beem is probably just the matches and a Jeep so  
I'm sure your rap career now if they come before your people  
Ohh Lord!! You can't be thinkin about Billboard  
With the mic cord, and several thousand people just bored  
Being dope live is like being insured for life  
You always get called back twice, you are

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3: Thor-EI, KRS-One]

I burn like hy-dra-cho-loric and my city got itty  
He's terrible, Thor-EI's incredible and terrific  
Is it, that you're under the influence of local obvious  
Rappers that die, but why, explain the obvious

No stoppin this lyrics from the esophagus rockin strictly the hip-hop populace

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Thor-el



# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Halftime"

Right now as we rockin they shootin outside  
Now we have got to chill  
We have got to chill  
We can't have no gunfire because hip-hop can't build

Let's leave all the shootin and the violence outside  
I know there's some people in here, armed to the teeth  
But understand...  
It is the conciousness behind the gun  
that determines if the gun is positive or negative  
So let's not blame it on no pistols, no guns, no gats  
Let's blame it on the conciousness of the mind holding the gat

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Gordon Opharel Williams

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "3rd Quarter - The Commentary"

For those interested in higher knowledge  
on issues of health, wealth, and self-mastery  
you are urged to register with the Temple of Hip-Hop  
by filling out the attached registration form and questionnaire  
located on the album's pull-out panel  
And here now, another KRS classic

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Blowe"

(feat. Redman)

*[Intro: Redman]*

Hey baby bring me something to drink in here  
Sit down and watch a little TV.

*[KRS-1:]*

(static) Yo they comin'. It's crazy but I know it they comin'. Maybe not  
lately I feel it coming. I knew it, they comin'. (static) This just in.  
President (static) I guarentee (static) Jim...Jimmy, Jimmy wake up. Jimmy!  
(static) Only the Lord can save (static) 5.99 no obligation (static) Let me  
start to rock this mic (static) Now the polar bear hibernates (static) And  
and what was going through your mind right now.

*[KRS-1:]*

Look aat these weak MC's getting G's  
Never wore BVD's or even bellbottom Lees  
Please, with these fantasies about you selling keys  
When you know you bees in front of the TV eatin' grilled cheese  
On your knees you know my steez  
Kris is nice with theses M-I-Cs  
I'm Poison like BBD the plot thickens while I be hitten  
And lyric lickin', flippin' any mix and over the skippin'  
And cable clippin', still sickenin'  
Even though some people ain't admitting  
Through they system I keeps it kickin'  
And tippin' the scale I pay tuiton not bail  
Drink water not ale, MC Hammer hits it right on the nail  
I can't fail with my 7 stripes  
Strike one pierces the lung over the drum MC's become dumb  
Like "um?" They numb, bite the tongue over the bass drum  
I am D the MC like Run, spittin' lyrics for fun  
And for a sum of the bread crumb  
You missed when you swung, I connected whole hum  
Another one done underestimated KRS-1, yeah so...

*[Hook:]*

*[Redman:]* Say blowe

*[KRS-1:]* If you really want true skill

*[Redman:]* Say blowe

*[KRS-1:]* If you want the hip hop to build

*[Redman:]* Say blowe

*[KRS-1:]* We rock it all year round

*[Redman:]* You better cool the F out before we go up in your mouth

*[KRS-1:]*

It's just beguuuun, to bubble  
KRS-Onnnne spells trouble  
On the mic soooon there is no double  
I emerge from under the rumble  
Count the truth poetic construction, audio abduction

Showbiz production for wack lyric reduction  
And fly rhyme instruction keep the party hoppin'  
Keep the DJs buggin' for the orthodox  
Non Xerox hip hop chatter box  
It was dope first crack out the box with Scott LaRock  
How MC's are washed up like sweat socks  
KRS-1 makes the heads nod

*[Hook]*

*[Redman:]* KRS-1

*[KRS-1:]* Yes my son

*[Redman:]* Tweet tweet [x2]

*[KRS-1:]* You know they can't compete, ain't that right

*[Redman:]*

No doubt. You better cool the F out before we go up in your mouth

*[KRS-1:]*

When it's my turn kid, look at what you done did  
Like my head is dreadful you edible  
I kick incredible shit, for my poeple  
I'm jackin' these like me so sue and Stretch like Bobbito overloops  
While you sittin' on stoops I'm rockin' mics for U.S. troops in group  
You screwed up, oops, I can read a true crook  
Like I can read a good book  
I'm hooked on hip hop culture  
Look at the tip top lyrical structure  
Floatin' like a soap bubble that you don't wann puncture  
Or rupture, I write what I udder, mother mother mother  
There's too many of us dying still trying and not doin'  
Not succeeding still pursueing what you doing?  
What you doing? What you doing?  
The session is started departed on schedule  
I beg you please lookover my lyrical menu  
What other can't do I can do  
Enhancing 7 levels of your mental  
I dismantel stress, you're listening to the advanced lyrical best  
Worldwide qualified to administer any MC test  
Stop guessin' class is in full session  
Now Showbiz show 'em how

Writer(s): L. Parker, R. Noble, S. Lemay

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Real Hip Hop - Part II"

(feat. Mic Vandalz)

*[KRS-One]*

Hah! They not ready, uhh uhh  
Set it off, South Bronx  
Set it off, uhh, check it

The real hip-hop, is over here  
The real hip-hop, is over there  
The real hip-hop, is over here  
The real hip-hop, is over there

It's a demo, it's a demo, it's a demo, it's a demo  
Steppin out the limo, KRS-One, gettin in you  
From the get-go kiddo throw em out the window  
flip em like a nickel  
Peep the hottest single  
He'll sink them like the S.S. Minnow  
That same kid that rocks the Benz rocks the Pinto  
Watch my signal, I rock the rap game like Nintendo  
Hey diddle, diddle, get played now like a fiddle  
I watch you wiggle, in front of the audience that was fickle  
Now you can't make a nickle, the sour pickle you are  
KRS-One, ninety-seven superstar  
I got one thing to say and let me make this clear  
Everywhere, now throw your hands in the air

The real hip-hop, is over here  
The real hip-hop, is over there  
The real hip-hop, is over here  
The real hip-hop, throw your hands in the air!

*[Mic Vandalz]*

Yo, been rockin rooftops, knahmsayin?  
Internat', yaknahmsayin?  
KRS, vandalizin, yaknahmsayin? With the Mic Vandalz  
Boogie Down, Uptown, yaknahmsayin?  
It's dope, check it out

*[KRS-One]*

When I ain't doin a show, or bringin all the money in  
or at the studio, or home studyin  
I'm checkin out Funkmaster Flex on cassette  
as he wrecks turntable sets with many subjects  
Huff now that's the Blastmaster connects, the larynx  
to a high-tech mic set, you get what you get  
Tech and Sway, index of singles is complex  
On Technics sets, he wrecks, collects a fee next  
While you rejects practice, suffix and prefix  
Hip-Hop I reads it, and mark your album incompleated  
I seen it, saw it, back in eighty-five

Platinum rappers yo that can't rock live  
Their mental facilities, lack the ability  
for lyric agility - battle? You're killin me

The real hip-hop, is over here  
The real hip-hop, is over there  
The real hip-hop, is over here  
The real hip-hop, throw your hands in the air!  
The real hip-hop, is over there  
The real hip-hop, is it over here?  
The real hip-hop, yo it's over there  
The real hip.. now throw your hands in the air!

*[Mic Vandalz]*

Throw your hands in the air (get loose now)  
Throw your hands in the air (get loose now)  
Throw your hands in the air (get loose now)

Aiyyo I'm breakin, in this rap thing, I've been waitin  
Ready for the world, rude like awakening  
Homo sapien, [?] rock every stadium  
Scholars and players, here to Las Vegas  
Embrace the papers, land of money makers  
Brothers hate us cause the brothers ain't us

Yo yo, from coast to coast I'ma overdose you and BDP you  
and Kris-Kross your mind, wouldn't wanna be you  
A Uptown thing, world premier  
Throw your hands in the air baby it's on  
How many MC's wanna get they rep torn?  
From Joe to Cage and mics in my juvenile days, I abuse  
The mic get lifted, the crowd gets amused

I got next.. you lose!

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Come To Da Party"

(feat. Joe)

[KRS] One, two, three..

[Joe]

Come to da party, come to the dance  
Everyone is fightin  
So they fired up, up and away  
Come to da party, come to the dance  
To pull out the vinyl  
so they fired up, up and away

[KRS-One]

Yeah, yeah

Hardcore lyric comin at ya they attackin ya  
Rappers bite like Dracula the soul of hip-hop  
I'm puttin back in ya, with the South Bronx vernacular  
Bound to put the crack in your armor, I am much sharper  
than a lot of other mic rockers, slightly eccentric  
but everything's authentic, when I said, "I'm hip-hop," I meant it  
Emcees wanna debate the issue, but false though  
If they studied they would see that they are hip-hop also  
Hip-Hop you can't do it, you gots to be it  
You can't confine it, you have to free it, so you can see it  
as your expression, and learn the lesson, on life in ghetto sections  
and what you feel is the forward direction  
for black people, not these Star Wars save that for R2-D2  
I got five fingers like Bruce Lee do  
And with the five fingers I grab microphones and bring the  
stinger to DJ's, rappers, singers and beer drinkers  
This MC's a thinker, unlike others but I won't diss yaz  
You're still my brothers and sisters, Kris is  
ONE aspect of hip-hop rap  
Negative rap, positive rap, forget that black it's a trap  
to set us back, concentrate on various rap talents  
Presently the rap radio format is unbalanced  
You either got the player, or the concious rhyme sayer  
all day, on your radio, not with a different flavor  
Someone has to DIE before you hear a concious record  
People don't like gangsta rap, but concious rap, they don't respect it  
The truth is people are afraid of black youth  
Our expressions, our lessons and gold teeth, so..

[Joe]

Come to da party, come to the dance  
Everyone is shoutin  
So they fired up, up and away  
Come to da party, come to the dance  
Everyone is singin  
so they fired up, up and away

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Can't Stop Won't Stop"

Open a de herb gate sellin pure ganja  
Babylon come but they undercova  
They never really want me stop sell ganja  
(They just wanna take a cut of what you make so far!)  
But I'm not havin it, I load the SLR  
Pack the ganja BOOM! They break down the door  
Pop-pop! T'ree shots, exchanged at close range  
Out of three Babylon, me hit one in the brain  
Pop-pop! Two shots hit da window pane  
I exchanged four shots, I drop and feel pain  
but I'm not hit, into the bathroom I crawl  
I look out the window, it's a one story fall  
I'm fallin, hit the ground and start crawlin  
Soon I'm walkin 'round, blandin in with the crowd  
Another day, I got away, I gotta fix this problem someday  
But the very next day...

*[Chorus: x2]*

Can't stop, won't stop - sellin mad izm  
All comeptition - I gots to get wit 'em  
Me nah go jail and me nah go prison  
(Take it to his face kid, diss him!)

I'm in another herb gate like a superstar  
Eleven A.M., things are safe so far  
I used to worry 'bout the competition on the block  
But now the competition on the block is the cops  
And even block watch doesn't know where we lay  
Well.. ("Open up! It's the D.E.A.!")  
Aww man, just when I went for more lead  
The door opens up, I got a glock to my forehead  
("Get down! Get on the floor!") I felt the stick, I thought I was dead  
But I woke up instead in a cell layin on my bed  
I lay back down, then I heard the crack sound  
Two D.T.'s came in and laid they glocks down  
One was whistlin a love song, as he put some gloves on  
I thought to myself, damn something's wrong  
Boom bap! Boom ba,p against my head  
I fell back on the bed, down to his feet  
The pain was insane but the hit was sweet  
Cause these dumb-ass cops punched me right by the heat  
The glock, two shots, three shots they screamin  
Then someone said... ("Hey wake up kid, you're dreamin!")  
I said, "Yo dreamin?! That nightmare was hell"  
But as I look around, I was still in my cell  
Damn, I got myself caught up in a jam  
The D.T. that woke me up was like, WHAT?!  
I wiped the saliva, off my mouth  
The D.T. said.. ("Let's make a deal") No doubt!  
No question, now we started up the session



No need for guessin, yes they want my supplier  
I said, what makes you think there's anyone higher?  
He said.. ("Don't be a God damned liar!")  
You killed three D.T.'s yesterday, you heard me  
But still the cops you knocked off yea was dirty  
Now the whole investigation is federal  
We want you to point out, the rest of the cops that are criminal  
He continued to say, you can't think it through  
This whole drug game is BIGGER than you!  
Follow our plan man and you'll be free  
Let me explain one thing so you can see, we

*[Chorus]*

Now I'm back in the herb gate, all wired up  
Constantly thinkin about bein tied up  
Snap out of it - I'm thinkin, "Damn we like elves!  
The federal and local cops got wars with themselves;  
and I'm in the middle, and can't solve the riddle.  
My nose is runny.." *[knock at door]* ("Let me get a 20!")  
A 20 of the green or a 20 of the brown?  
("Gimme the whole pound, clown, or duck down!") *[gunfire]*  
God damn, God damn, here we go again  
But this time I'm set up by my federal friend  
Suddenly I hear.. ("Yo, move from the door!") *[two shots]*  
Followed by the shot sounded like a four-four *[two shots]*  
After the violence, then there was silence  
Then I heard.. ("Hey yo it's us, open up the door!")  
But rule number one in this game is self-reliance  
So I pickd up the mini-mac in case they wanted more  
The door opened up, the feds said WHATTUP?  
They was stickin you up, so they had to get bucked  
Suddenly a sense of trust came over me  
I thought to myself, "Well soon I'll be free!"  
But as I turned around, I heard the gun go click *[clik-clak]*  
I said wait, but it was too late - *[GUNSHOT]*

Writer(s): Muggerud Larry E, Parker Lawrence Krsone

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Over Ya Head"

But am I over ya head?  
Am I over ya head?  
But am I over ya head?  
Yo am I over ya head?  
But am I over ya head?  
Am I over ya head?  
Well am I over ya head?  
Yo am I over ya head?

Huh? What? Where? Who?  
What? Whattathinkinabout  
when who says what when how  
You can't maybe follow my style  
You be the child, I be the teacher  
Smile, who said when, what  
mouth not shut, what?  
Whenever however whenever  
whatever the cut  
How you maybe could you ever  
believe, that you could so quickly achieve  
these crafts, please laugh at his stupid ass  
upon your knees in glass  
You lust, for everything but trust  
So we bust back, with conciously charged art  
with a mic instead of a brush

But am I over ya head?  
Am I over ya head?  
But am I over ya head?  
Yo am I over ya head?  
Am I over ya head?  
Yo am I over your head?  
Yo am I over ya head?  
Listen..

Yes, us must trust us, who? Us must trust  
not fuss with us, us must trust us discuss trusting us  
Us must trust us, who? Us must trust  
not fuss with us, us must trust us discuss thus trusting us  
Trusting us, us must trust discuss  
Discuss not trusting us must not fuss  
Us with us means us discussing trusting us  
Us must trust us, who? Us must trust  
not fuss with us, us must dicuss trusting us

But am I over ya head?  
Yo am I over your head?  
But am I over ya head?

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Just To Prove A Point"

Tell me right now, tell me what's wrong  
Please tell me something before I'm gone  
It seems like we have come to the end  
Should I be listening to all my friends

Is it true what they say?  
Is it true what they say?  
Is it true what they say?  
Is it true what they say?

I'M HEARING THINGS LIKE YOU'LL BE SLEEPING CREEPING BEHIND MY BACK  
YOU MIGHT BE LAUGHIN MIGHT BE JOKIN BUT I'M THINKIN IT'S WACK  
IF WE ARE OVER LET'S BE OVER AND LET'S LEAVE IT AT THAT  
SEE I CAN'T TRUST YOU ANYMORE BECAUSE YOUR LOVE IS AN ACT

Is it true what they say?  
Is it true what they say?  
Is it true what they say?

Just who do you, think I really am?  
One of your mindless and stupid friends?  
Why can't you simply tell me the truth?  
So I can hold you, or cut you loose?

I'M NOT THE TYPE TO LISTEN TO WHAT EVERYBODY WILL SAY  
BUT MORE AND MORE IT'S SEEMIN THAT I CAN'T TRUST YOU ANYWAY  
YOU MAKE ME THINK THAT I MUST SLEEP WITH SOMETHIN OVER MY HEAD  
FOR FEAR I WAKE UP IN A POOL OF BLOOD AND PROBABLY DEAD  
HOW ARE WE LIVIN? HOW ARE WE LIVIN? IT SEEMS  
YOU ARE NOT GIVIN WHAT YOU GAVE IN THE BEGINNING  
HOW ARE WE LIVIN? HOW ARE WE LIVIN? IT SEEMS  
YOU ARE NOT GIVIN WHAT YOU GAVE IN THE BEGINNING

Is it true what they say?  
Is it true what they say?  
Is it true what they say?

I'M HEARING THINGS LIKE YOU'LL BE SLEEPING CREEPING BEHIND MY BACK  
YOU MIGHT BE LAUGHING MIGHT BE JOKING BUT I'M THINKING IT'S WACK  
IF WE ARE OVER LET'S BE OVER AND LET'S LEAVE IT AT THAT  
SEE I CAN'T TRUST YOU ANYMORE BECAUSE YOUR LOVE IS AN ACT  
I'M NOT THE TYPE TO LISTEN TO WHAT EVERYBODY WILL SAY  
BUT MORE AND MORE IT'S SEEMIN THAT I CAN'T TRUST YOU ANYWAY  
YOU MAKE ME THINK THAT I MUST SLEEP WITH SOMETHIN OVER MY HEAD  
FOR FEAR I WAKE UP IN A POOL OF BLOOD AND PROBABLY DEAD

Probably dead!  
Probably dead.  
Probably dead...

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "4th Quarter - Free Throws"

Yeah, listen to the lyrics  
We are the ones prophesized to return  
My main concern is for all of you to learn  
How to live, yes through the lyrics I give and send my friend  
This age is coming to an end  
Not the world, but the age is ending  
Ending, listen to the astrological message I'm sending  
I'm sending, tell em  
Truth is truth, whether or not you like me  
We are living now in the age of Pisces  
When Pisces is over, at the year two thousand  
When the Sun of God, changes his house and  
enters the Age of Aquarius  
The Sun of God as man is hilarious (okay)  
When you think of Jesus, think of the Sun  
The flaming Sun, that's where they stole this concept from  
Stop believing and read your bible logically  
The new testament is really old astrology  
Jesus is the son of God no lie  
But they might be talking about the Sun up in the sky  
The Sun, that hangs on the cross of the zodiac  
The zodiac with twelve signs to be exact  
Each sign is a house, and you should keep in mind  
Each house equals, a period of time  
The time, two thousand years and that's a fact  
It's called an age or a house in the zodiac  
The twelve disciples, are twelve months of reason  
The four gospels signify the four seasons  
When Jesus fed the multitude with two fishes  
It signified the Age of Pisces, not fish or dishes  
If you read the bible astrologically it's clearer (no doubt)  
The next age will be the age of the water-bearer  
It's called the Age of Aquarius (word)  
When logic and truth will take care of us  
So in this age, of spiritual dignity  
You'll see a rise in femininity  
and creativity, meshed with masculinity  
You got to get with me, this is your true her-story (rrrryyy!)  
Do you wanna go higher...

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, David Jolicoeur, Vincent L. Mason, Kelvin Mercer

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Step Into A World / Rapper's Delight (Remix)"

(feat. Puff Daddy)

*[Intro: Puff Daddy]*

I'ma make you dance  
And we won't stop, cause we can't stop [x3]  
Don't stop  
KRS-One  
Puff Daddy  
Bad Boy remix  
Hit me baby

*[Verse 1: Puff Daddy, KRS-One]*

Hear the sound of my money machine  
See the 600 Benz see the chrome rims gleam  
See the teacher KRS and the Puff Daddy  
See the young black and famous Rich like Matty  
With the power and the knowledge at our fingertips  
With a style make the ladies wanna lick they lips, shake they hips  
Shake they rumps, bass thump  
Believin they could fly by the way you jump, player, uhh  
Hip-Hop mayor, fat rhyme sayer  
From the Boogie Down to the Himilayas I'm

Comentating (say what?) illustrating (yeah)  
Descriptions given, adjective expert (I hear you)  
Let's work, til your neck hurt (oooh)  
Like Bedwork I Rock Steady, you ain't really ready  
for the teacher, just when you thought you had me licked  
I come equipped with another hit, oh shit!  
(I hear you, I hear you, I hear you, I hear you)

*[Chorus:]*

And we won't stop, cause we can't stop [x4]  
Step into a world, where there's no one left  
But the very best, no MC can test

Step into a world, where there's no one left  
But the very best, no MC can test

*[Verse 2: Puff Daddy]*

Politic with the teacher (c'mon) as the hits reach ya  
Puff Daddy and KRS-One, double feature (that's right)  
Uptown diplomats, watch chips get stacked  
So-and-so, this and that (uhh)  
Just 'Show me the money!' Ain't nuttin funny (uh-huh)  
Have you stuck on stupid broke feelin crummy (ahah)  
Ain't no time for Girl 6  
Cause I got a ten, holdin my stack of big Benz  
Correographer causin your funky dope maneuver (say what?)  
Bad Boy represent, keep it sewer  
Killin You Softly wit my song

Call from the heist, I know y'all better think twice (what?)  
about the still number one (uh-huh) South South Bronx (say what?)  
At the Latin Quarter, dancin witcha daughter (ooh!)  
You can't handle me, I keep it tight  
With my Bad Boy family, that's right

*[Chorus:]*

And we won't stop, cause we can't stop [x4]  
Step into a world, where there's no one left  
But the very best, no MC can test

*[Verse 3: KRS-One]*

Uhh, uhh, South Bronx  
You sitin and you wonderin, how we keep it comin in  
KRS and Puff again to push it, and shove it in (that's right)  
The neighborhood be buggin when we we comin in, rulin  
(With more Wildcats than Rick Pitino, I mean yo)  
Just Coolin', like Levert, I do work  
They love me, thick with G. Simone, Puffy  
Young black and educated, that's how we made it (oh yeah)  
Study and bring the money in, you can't fade it  
This scholar, gets the dollars  
While these other scholars just holler (remix)  
With no dinero, your zero (remix)  
You think I care what you whisper  
You got the wrong picture (remix)  
I'm chillin with G. Simone eatin dinner (haha)  
The 1997 winner, of your respect  
High tech, you get the album or cassette (that's right)  
And don't forget, while you listenin, skills I flaunt it  
That Boogie Down Bronx shit, we on it

*[Puffy]*

Scott LaRock rest in peace, Biggie Smalls rest in peace  
Step into a world  
We love y'all, always and forever, and we won't stop  
Where there's no one left  
Cause we can't stop, and we won't stop  
Where the very best  
BDP, Bad Boy  
No MC can test

Cause we can't stop, and we won't stop [x4]  
Step into a world, where there's no one left  
But the very best, no MC can test  
*[repeat last refrain to fade]*

Rock on, Bad Boy, remix, for eternity baby, BDP rock on rock on..